

SUCH THINGS ARE.

A P L A Y.

I N F E A C T S.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE. ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

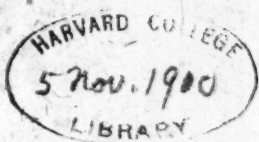
MR. INCHBALD.

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HALPEN.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

17476.65.28



Shapleigh fund

PROLOGUE,

Written by THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW say you, critic Gods*, and you below † :
Are you all friends ? or here—and there—a foe ?
Come to protect your *literary* trade,
Which Mrs. *Scribble* dares again invade—
But know you not—in all the fair ones do,
'Tis not to please themselves alone—but you.
Then who so churlish, or so cynic grown,
Would wish to change a *smile* for a *frown* ?
Or who so jealous of their own dear quill,
Would point the paragraph her fame to kill ?
Yet such there are, in this all scribbling town,
And men of letters too—of some renown,
Who sicken at all merit but their own.
But sure it were more Wit's—for Honour's sake,
To make the Drama's race—the give and take.
[Looking round the house,

My hint I see's approv'd—so pray begin it,
And ~~praise~~ us roundly for the good things in it,
Nor let severity our faults expose,

When godlike Homer's self was known to doze.

But of the piece—Methinks I hear you hint,
Some dozen lines or more should give the tint—

“ Tell how *Sir John* with *Lady Betty's* maid

“ Is caught intriguing at a *matquerade* ;

“ Which *Lady Betty*, in a jealous fit,

“ Resents by flirting with *Sir Ben*—the cit.

“ Whose *three-foot* spouse, to modish follies bent,

“ Mistakes a *six* feet Valet—for a Gent.

“ Whilst *Miss*, repugnant to her Guardian's plan,

“ Elopes in Breeches with her fav'rite man.”

* Galleries.

† Pit.

P R O L O G

Such are the *hints* we read in *Roscius'* days,
 By way of Prologue ushered in *their* plays.
 But *we*, like Ministers and cautious spies,
 In *secret measures* think—the merit lies.
 Yet shall the Muse thus far unveil the plot—
 This play was *tragi-comically* got,
 Those sympathetic sorrows to impart
 Which harmonize the feelings of the heart ;
 And may at least this humble merit boast,
 A structure founded on fair *Fancy's* coast.
 With you it rests that judgment to proclaim,
 Which *in the world* must rise or sink it's fame.
 Yet ere her judges sign the last report,
 'Tis you [*to the boxes*] must recommend her to the Court,
 Whose smiles, like *Cynthia*, in a winter's night,
 Will cheer our wand'rer with a gleam of light.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE travels of an Englishman throughout Europe, and even in some parts of Asia, to soften the sorrows of the Prisoner, excited in the mind of the Author the subject of the following pages, which, formed into a dramatic story, have produced from the Theatre a profit far exceeding the usual pecuniary advantages arising from a successful Comedy.

The uncertainty in what part of the East the hero of the present piece was (at the time it was written) dispensing his benevolence, caused the Writer, after many researches and objections, to fix the scene on the island of Sumatra, where the English settlement, the system of government, and every description of the manners of the people, reconcile the incidents of the Play to the strictest degree of probability.

ACT

SCENE, *The Island of Sumatra in the
dies.*

CHARACTERS

MEN

<i>Sultan,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farren,
<i>Lord Flint,</i>	-	-	Mr. Davies,
<i>Sir Luke Tremor,</i>	-	-	Mr. Quick,
<i>Mr. Twineall,</i>	-	-	Mr. Lewis,
<i>Mr. Haswell,</i>	-	-	Mr. Pope,
<i>Elwirus,</i>	-	-	Mr. Holman,
<i>Mr. Meanright,</i>	-	-	Mr. McCreedy,
<i>Zedan,</i>	-	-	Mr. Fearon,
<i>First Keeper,</i>	-	-	Mr. Thompson,
<i>Second Keeper,</i>	-	-	Mr. Cubitt,
<i>First Prisoner,</i>	-	-	Mr. Helme,
<i>Second Prisoner,</i>	-	-	Mr. Gardener,
<i>Guard,</i>	-	-	Mr. Blurton,
<i>Messenger,</i>	-	-	Mr. Ledger.

WOMEN

<i>Lady Tremor,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks,
<i>Aurelia,</i>	-	-	Miss Wilkinson,
<i>Female Prisoner,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pope.

Time of Representation, Twelve Hours.

SUCH THINGS ARE.

A P L A Y.

IN FIVE ACTS.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Parlour at Sir Luke Tremor's.*

Enter Sir Luke, followed by Lady Tremor.

Sir Luke.

I TELL you, Madam, you are two and thirty.

Lady Tremor. I tell you, Sir, you are mistaken.

Sir Luke. Why, did not you come over from England exactly sixteen years ago?

Lady. Not so long.

Sir Luke. Have not we been married the tenth of next April sixteen years?

Lady. Not so long.—

Sir Luke. Did you not come over the year of the great Eclipse? answer me that.

Lady. I don't remember it.

Sir Luke. But I do—and shall remember it as long as I live—the first time I saw you, was in the garden of the Dutch Envoy; you were looking through a glass at the sun—I immediately began to make love to you, and the whole affair was settled while the eclipse lasted—just one hour, eleven minutes, and three seconds.

B

Lady.

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Lady. But what is all this to my age?

Sir Luke. Because I know you were at that time near seventeen—and without one qualification except your youth—and not being a Mullatto.

Lady. Sir Luke, Sir Luke, this is not to be borne—

Sir Luke. Oh! yes—I forgot—you had two letters of recommendation, from two great families in England.

Lady. Letters of recommendation!

Sir Luke. Yes; your character—that, you know, is all the fortune we poor Englishmen, situated in India, expect with a wife who crosses the sea at the hazard of her life, to make us happy.

Lady. And what but our characters would you have us bring? Do you suppose any lady ever came to India, who brought along with her, friends, or fortune?

Sir Luke. No, my dear—and what is worse—she seldom leaves them behind, either.

Lady. No matter, Sir Luke—but if I delivered to you a good character——

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, you did—and if you were to ask me for it again, I can't say I could give it you.

Lady. How uncivil! how unlike are your manners to the manners of my Lord Flint.

Sir Luke. Ay—you are never so happy as when you have an opportunity of expressing your admiration of him—a disagreeable, nay, a very dangerous man—one is never sure of one's self in his presence—he carries every thing he hears to the ministers of our suspicious Sultan—and I feel my head shake when ever I am in his company.

Lady. How different does his Lordship appear to me!—to me he is all *politesse*.

Sir Luke. *Politesse*! how shou'd you understand what is real *politesse*? You know your education was very much confined.—

Lady. And if it *was* confined——I beg, Sir Luke, you will one time or other cease these reflections—you know they are what I can't bear! [*walks about in a passion.*] pray, does not his Lordship continually assure

me. I might be taken for a Countess, were it not for a

certain

certain little groveling tofs I have caught with my head—and a certain little confined hitch in my walk? both which I learnt of *you*—learnt by looking so much at *you*.—^A

Sir Luke. And now if you don't take care, by looking so much at his Lordship, you may catch some of his defects.

Lady. I know of very few he has.

Sir Luke. I know of many—besides those he assumes.—

Lady. Assumes!!

Sir Luke. Yes; do you suppose he is as forgetful as he pretends to be? no, no—but because he is a favourite with the Sultan, and all our great men at court, he thinks it genteel or convenient to have no memory—and yet I'll answer for it, he has one of the best in the universe.

Lady. I don't believe your charge.

Sir Luke. Why, though he forgets his appointments with his tradesmen, did you ever hear of his forgetting to go to court when a place was to be disposed of? Did he ever make a blunder, and send a bribe to a man out of power? Did he ever forget to kneel before the Prince of this Island—or to look in his highness's presence like the statue of Patient-resignation in humble expectation?

Lady. Dear, Sir Luke—

Sir Luke. Sent from his own country in his very infancy, and brought up in the different courts of petty, arbitrary Princes here in Asia; he is the slave of every great man, and the tyrant of every poor one.—

Lady. “Petty Princes!”—’tis well his highness our Sultan does not hear you.

Sir Luke. ’Tis well he does not—don't you repeat what I say—but you know how all this fine country is harrassed and laid waste by a set of Princes, Sultans, as they style themselves, and I know not what—who are for ever calling out to each other “that's mine,” and “that's mine;”—and “you have no business here”—and “you have no business there”—and “I have business every where;” [*Strutting*] then “give me this,”

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—and “give me that;” and “take this, and take that.” *[makes signs of fighting.]*

Lady. A very elegant description truly.

Sir Luke. Why, you know 'tis all matter of fact—and Lord Flint, brought up from his youth amongst these people, has not one *trait* of an Englishman about him—he has imbibed all this country's cruelty, and I dare say wou'd mind no more seeing me hung up by my thumbs—or made to dance upon a red-hot gridiron—

Lady. That is one of the tortures I never heard of!—O! I shou'd like to see that of all things!

Sir Luke. Yes—by keeping this man's company, you'll soon be as cruel as he is—he will teach you every vice—a consequential—grave—dull—and yet with that degree of levity, that dares to pay his addresses to a woman, even before her husband's face.

Lady. Did not you say, this minute, his Lordship had not a *trait* of his own country about him?—

Sir Luke. Well, well—as you say, that last is a *trait* of his own country.

Enter Servant and Lord Flint.

Serv. Lord Flint.— *[Exit Servant.]*

Lady. My Lord, I am extremely glad to see you—we were just mentioning your name.—

Lord. Were you, indeed, Madam? You do me great honour.

Sir Luke. No, my Lord—no great honour.

Lord. Pardon me, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. But, I assure you, my Lord, what I said did *myself* a great deal of honour.

Lady. Yes, my Lord, and I'll acquaint your Lordship what it was. *[going up to him.]*

Sir Luke. *[Pulling her aside.]* Why, you wou'd not inform against me sure! Do you know what would be the consequence? My head must answer it. *[frightened.]*

Lord. Nay, Sir Luke, I insist upon knowing.

Sir Luke. *[To her]* Hush—hush—no, my Lord, pray excuse me—your Lordship perhaps may think what

what I said did not come from my heart; and I assure you, upon my honour, it did.

Lady. O, yes—that I am sure it did.

Lord. I am extremely obliged to you. [bowing.]

Sir Luke. O, no, my Lord, not at all—not at all. —[*aside to her.*] I'll be extremely obliged to you, if you will hold your tongue—Pray, my Lord, are you engaged out to dinner to-day? for her Ladyship and I dine out.

Lady. Yes, my Lord, and we should be happy to find your Lordship of the party.

Lord. “Engaged out to dinner”?—egad very likely—very likely—but if I am—I have positively forgotten where.

Lady. We are going to—

Lord. No—I think (now you put me in mind of it) I think I have company to dine with me—I am either going out to dinner, or have company to dine with me; but I really can't tell which—however, my people know—but I can't call to mind.

Sir Luke. Perhaps your Lordship *has* dined; can you recollect that?

Lord. No, no—I have not dined—what's o'clock?

Lady. Perhaps, my Lord, you have not breakfasted.

Lord. O, yes, I've breakfasted—I think so—but upon my word these things are very hard to remember.

Sir Luke. They are indeed, my Lord—and I wish all my family wou'd entirely forget them.

Lord. What did your Ladyship say was o'clock?

Lady. Exactly twelve, my Lord.

Lord. Bless me! I ought to have been somewhere else then—an absolute engagement.—I have broke my word—a positive appointment.

Lady. Shall I send a servant?

Lord. No, no, no, no—by no means—it can't be helped now—and they know my unfortunate failing—besides, I'll beg their pardon, and I trust that will be ample satisfaction.

Lady. You are very good, my Lord, not to leave us

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Lord. I cou'd not think of leaving you so soon, Madam—the happiness I enjoy here is *such*—

Sir Luke. And very likely were your Lordship to go away now, you might never recollect to come again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, just come from on board an English vessel, says, he has letters to present to you.

Sir Luke. Shew him in—[*Exit Servant.*] *He* has brought his character too, I suppose—and left it *behind*, too, I suppose.

Enter Mr. Twineall, in a fashionable undress.

Twineall. Sir Luke, I have the honour of presenting to you, [*Gives letters*] one from my Lord Cleland—one from Sir Thomas Shoestring—one from Colonel Fril.

Sir Luke. [*Aside*] Who in the name of wonder have my friends recommended?—[*reads while Lord Flint and the Lady talk apart*] No—as I live, he is a gentleman, and the son of a Lord—[*going to Lady Tremor.*] My dear, that is a gentleman, notwithstanding his appearance—don't laugh—but let me introduce you to him.

Lady. A gentleman! certainly—I did not look at him before—but now I can perceive it.

Sir Luke. Mr. Twineall, give me leave to introduce Lady Tremor to you, and my Lord Flint—This, my Lord, is the Honourable Mr. Twineall from England, who will do me the favour to remain in my house, till he is settled to his mind in some post here. [*They bow.*] I beg your pardon, Sir, for the somewhat cool reception Lady Tremor and I gave you at first—but I dare say her Ladyship was under the same mistake as myself—and I must own I took you at first sight for something very different from the person you prove to be—for really no English ships have arrived in this harbour for these five years past, and the dress of us English gentlemen is so much altered since that time—

Twineall.

Tw. But, I hope, Sir Luke, if it is, the alteration meets with your approbation.

Lady. O! to be sure—it is extremely elegant and becoming.

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, I don't doubt but you think so; for I remember you used to make your favourite monkey wear just such a jacket, when he went out a visiting.

Tw. Was he your favourite, Madam?—Sir, you are very obliging. [*Bowing to Sir Luke*]

Sir Luke. My Lord, if it were possible for your Lordship to call to your remembrance such a trifle—

Lady. Dear Sir Luke—— [*Pulling him.*

Lord. Egad, I believe I do call to my remembrance [*Gravely considering.*]—Not, I assure you, Sir, that I perceive any great resemblance—or, if it was so—I dare say it is merely in the dress—which I must own strikes me as most ridiculous—very ridiculous indeed.——

Tw. My Lord!

Lord. I beg pardon, if I have said any thing that——*Lady Tremor*, what did I say?——make my apology, if I have said any thing improper—you know my unhappy failing.

[*Goes up the stage.*

Lady. [*to Twineall.*] Sir, his Lordship has made a mistake in the word “ridiculous,” which I am sure he did not mean to say—but he is apt to make use of one word for another—his Lordship has been so long out of England, that he may be said in some measure to have forgotten his native language.

[*His Lordship all this time appears consequentially absent.*

Tw. And you have perfectly explained, Madam—indeed I ought to have been convinced, without your explanation, that if his Lordship made use of the word *ridiculous* (even intentionally) that the word had now changed its former sense, and was become a mode to express satisfaction—or his Lordship would not have made use of it in the very forcible manner he did, to a perfect stranger.

Sir

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Sir Luke. What, Mr. Twineall, have you new modes, new fashions for *words* too in England, as well as for dresses?—and are you equally extravagant in their adoption?

Lady. I never heard, Sir Luke, but that the fashion of words varied, as well as the fashion of every thing else.

Twini. But what is most extraordinary—we have now a fashion in England, of speaking without any words at all.

Lady. Pray, Sir, how is that?

Sir Luke. Ay, do, Mr. Twineall, teach my wife, and I shall be very much obliged to you—it will be a great accomplishment. Even you, my Lord, ought to be attentive to this fashion.

Twini. Why, Madam, for instance, when a gentleman is asked a question which is either troublesome or improper to answer, you don't say you *won't* answer it, even though you speak to an inferior—but you say—“really it appears to me e-e-e-e—[*mutter*s and *sbrugs*]*—*—that is—mo-mo-mo-mo-mo—[*mutter*s]*—*if you see the thing—for my part—te-te-te-te—*—*and that's all I can tell about it at *present*.

Sir Luke. And you have told nothing!

Twini. Nothing upon earth.

Lady. But mayn't one guess what you mean?

Twini. O, yes—perfectly at liberty to guess.

Sir Luke. Well, I'll be shot if I *could* guess.

Twini. And again—when an impertinent pedant asks you a question that you know nothing about, and it may not be convenient to say so—you answer *boldly*, “why really, Sir, my opinion *is*, that the Greek poet—he-he-he-he—[*mutter*s]*—*we-we-we-we—you see—if his idea was—and if the Latin translator—mis-mis-mis-mis—[*sbrugs*]*—*that I shou'd think—in my humble opinion—but the Doctor *may* know better than I.”

Sir Luke. The Doctor must know very little else.

Twini. Or in case of a duel, where one does not care to say who was right, or who was wrong—you answer—“*This*, Sir, is the state of the matter—Mr. F— came first

first—te-te-te—on that—be-be-be-be—if the other
—in short—[*whispers*]*—whis-whis-whis-whis—*

Sir Luke. What?

Twini. “There, now you have it—there ’tis—but
don’t say a word about it—or,—if you do—don’t say it
came from me.”—

Lady. Why, you have not told a word of the
story!

Twini. But that your auditor must not say to you—
that’s not the fashion—he never tells you that—he may
say,—“You have not made yourself *perfectly* clear;”
—or he may say—“He must have the matter *more*
particularly pointed out somewhere else;—but that is
all the auditor can say with good breeding.

Lady. A very pretty method indeed to satisfy one’s
curiosity!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Hafswell.

Sir Luke. This is a countryman of ours, Mr. Twine-
all, and a very good man I assure you.

Enter Mr. Hafswell.

Sir Luke. Mr. Hafswell, how do you do?

[*Warmly.*

Haf. Sir Luke, I am glad to see you.—Lady Tremor,
how do you do?

[*He bows to the rest.*

Lady. O, Mr. Hafswell, I am extremely glad you are
come—here is a young adventurer just arrived from
England, who has been giving us such a strange account
of all that’s going on there.

[*Introducing Twineall.*

Haf. Sir, you are welcome to India.

[*Sir Luke whispers Hafswell.*

Indeed!—*his* son.

Lady. Do, Mr. Hafswell, talk to him—he can give
you great information.

Haf. I am glad of it—I shall then hear many things
I am impatient to become acquainted with. [*Goes up to*
Twineall.]

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Twineall.] Mr. Twineall, I have the honour of knowing his Lordship, your father, extremely well—he holds his seat in Parliament still, I presume?

Twineall. He does, Sir

Haf. And your uncle, Sir Charles?

Twineall. Both, Sir—both in Parliament still.

Haf. Pray, Sir, has any act in behalf of the poor clergy taken place yet?

Twineall. In behalf of the poor clergy, Sir?—I'll tell you—I'll tell you, Sir.——As to that act—concerning—[*shrugs and mutters*—em-em-em-em—the Committee—em-em—ways and means—hee-hee—I assure you, Sir—te-te-te—

[*Sir Luke, Lady, and Lord Flint laugh.*]

My father and my uncle both think so, I assure you.

Haf. Think how, Sir?

Sir Luke. Nay, that's not good breeding—you must ask no more questions.

Haf. Why not?

Sir Luke. Because—we-we-we-we—[*mimicks*—he knows nothing about it.

Haf. What, Sir,—not know?

Twineall. Yes, Sir, perfectly acquainted with every thing that passes in the house—but I assure you, that when they come to be reported—but, Sir Luke, now permit me, in my turn, to make a few inquiries concerning the state of this country.

[*Sir Luke starts, and fixes his eyes suspiciously on Lord Flint.*]

Sir Luke. Why, one does not like to speak much about the country one lives in—but, Mr. Hafwell, you have been visiting our encampments; you may tell us what is going on there.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Hafwell, is it true that the Sultan cut off the head of one of his wives the other day because she said “I whn't?”

Sir Luke. Do, my dear, be silent.

Lady. I won't.

Sir Luke. O, that the Sultan had you instead of me!

Lady,

Lady. And with my head off, I suppose?

Sir Luke. No, my dear; in that state, I shou'd have no objection to you myself.

Lady [*Aside to Sir Luke.*] Now, I'll frighten you ten times more.—But, Mr. Hafwell, I am told there are many persons suspected of disaffection to the present Sultan, who have been lately, by his orders, arrested, and sold to slavery, notwithstanding there was no proof against them produced.

Haf. Proof!—in a State such as this, the charge is quite sufficient.

Sir Luke. [*In apparent agonies, wishing to turn the discourse.*] Well, my Lord, and how does your Lordship find yourself this afternoon?—this morning, I mean—Bless my soul! why I begin to be as forgetful as your Lordship.

[*Smiling and sawning.*]

Lady. How I pity the poor creatures!

Sir Luke. [*Aside to Lady.*] Take care what you say before that tool of state—look at him, and tremble for your head.

Lady. Look at him, and tremble for *yours*—and so, Mr. Hafwell, all this is true?—and some people, of consequence too, I am told, dragged from their homes, and sent to slavery merely on suspicion?

Haf. Yet, less do I pity those, than some, whom prisons and dungeons crammed before, are yet prepared to receive.

Lord. Mr. Hafwell, such is the Sultan's pleasure.

Sir Luke. Will your Lordship take a turn in the garden? it looks from this door very pleasant:—does not it?

Lady. But pray, Mr. Hafwell, has not the Sultan sent for you to attend at his palace this morning?

Haf. He has, Madam.

Lady. There! I heard he had, but Sir Luke said not,—I am told he thinks himself under the greatest obligations to you.

Haf. The report has flattered me—but if his highness shou'd think himself under obligations, I can readily

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dily point a way, by which he may acquit himself of them.

Lady. In the mean time, I am sure, you feel for those poor sufferers.

Haf. [*With stifled emotion.*] Sir Luke, good morning to you—I call'd upon some trifling business, but I have out-staid my time, and therefore I'll call again in a couple of hours—Lady Tremor; good morning—my Lord—Mr. Twineall—[*Bows and exit.*]

Twi. Sir Luke, your garden *does* look so divinely beautiful—

Sir Luke. Come, my Lord, will you take a turn in it? Come Mr. Twineall—come my dear—[*taking her band.*] I can't think what business Mr. Haswell has to speak to me upon—for my part, I am quite a plain man—and busy myself about no one's affairs, except my own—but I dare say your Lordship has forgot all we have been talking about.

Lord. If you permit me, Sir Luke, I'll hand the Lady.

Sir Luke. Certainly, my Lord, if you please—come, Mr. Twineall, and I'll conduct you.

[*Exeunt.*]

E N D O F T H E F I R S T A C T .

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir Luke Tremor's.*

Enter Twineall and Meanright.

Twineall. MY dear friend, after so long a separation, how glad I am to meet you! but how devilish unlucky that you shou'd, on the very day of my arrival, be going to set sail for another part of the world! yet before you go, I must beg a favour of you—you know Sir Luke and his family perfectly well, I dare say?

Meanright. I think so—I have been in his house near six years.

Twineall. The very person on earth I wanted!—Sir Luke has power here, I suppose?—a word from him might do a man some service perhaps? [*significantly.*]

Meanright. Why, yes; I don't know a man that has more influence at a certain place.

Twineall. And her Ladyship seems a very clever gentlewoman?

Twineall. And I have a notion they think *me* very clever.

Meanright. I dare say they do.

Twineall. Yes—but I mean *very* clever.

Meanright. No doubt!

Twineall. But, my dear friend, you must help me to make them think better of me still—and when *my* fortune is made, I'll make *yours*—for when I once become acquainted with people's dispositions, their little weaknesses, foibles and faults, I can wind, twist, twine, and get into the corner of every one's heart, and lie so snug, they can't know I'm there, till they want to pull me out, and find 'tis impossible.

Meanright. Excellent talent!

C

Twineall.

Twi. Is not it? and now, my dear friend, do you inform me of the secret dispositions, and propensities of every one in this family, and of all their connections.—What Lady values herself upon one qualification, and what Lady upon another?—What Gentleman will like to be told of his accomplishments? or what man would rather hear of his wife's, or his daughter's?—or of his horses? or of his dogs?—now, my dear Ned, acquaint me with all this—and within a fortnight I will become the most necessary rascal—not a creature shall know how to exist without me.

Mean. Why such a man as you ought to have made your fortune in England.

Twi. No—my father, and my three uncles monopolized all the great men themselves; and would never introduce me where I was likely to become their rival—This—this is the very spot for me to display my genius—But then I must penetrate the people first—and you will kindly save me that trouble.—Come, give me all their characters—all their little propensities—all their whims—in short, all I am to praise—and all I am to avoid praising,—in order to endear myself to them. [*Takes out tablets.*] Come—begin with Sir Luke.

Mean. Sir Luke—values himself more upon personal bravery, than upon any thing else.

Twi. Thank you, my dear friend—thank you. [*Writes*] Was he ever in the army?

Mean. Oh yes—besieged a capital fortress, a few years ago—and now, the very name of a battle or a great general tickles his vanity, and he takes all the praises you can lavish upon the subject as a compliment to himself.

Twi. Thank you—thank you a thousand times—[*Writes*] I'll mention a battle very soon.

Mean. Not directly.

Twi. O, no—let me alone for time and place—go on, my friend—go on—her Ladyship—

Mean. Descended from the ancient kings of Scotland.

Twi. You don't say so!

Mean. And though she is so nicely scrupulous as never to mention the word genealogy, yet I have seen her
agitat . . . on

agitation so great, when the advantages of high birth have been extoll'd, she could scarcely withhold her sentiments of triumph; which in order to disguise, she has assumed a disdain for all "vain titles—empty sounds—and idle pomp."

Twi. Thank you—thank you—this is a most excellent *trait* of the Lady's—[*Writes.*] "Pedigree of the kings of Scotland?" O, I have her at once.

Mean. Yet do it nicely—oblique touches, rather than open explanations.

Twi. Let me alone for that.

Mean. She has, I know, in her possession—but I dare say she wou'd not show it you, nay, on the contrary, would even *affect* to be highly offended, if you were to mention it—and yet it certainly would flatter her, to know you were acquainted with her having it.

Twi. What—what—what is it?

Mean. A large old-fashioned wig—which Malcolm the third or fourth, her great ancestor, wore when he was crowned at Scone, in the year——

Twi. I'll mention it.

Mean. Take care.

Twi. O, let me alone for the *manner*.

Mean. She'll pretend to be angry.

Twi. That I am prepared for.—Pray who is my Lord Flins?

Mean. A deep man—and a great favourite at court.

Twi. Indeed!—how am I to please him?

Mean. By insinuations against the *present* Sultan.

Twi. How!

Mean. With all his pretended attachment, his heart——

Twi. Are you *sure* of it?

Mean. Sure:—he blinds Sir Luke, (who by the bye is no great politician) but I know his Lordship—and if he thought he was sure of his ground—and he thinks he *shall* be sure of it soon) then—

Twi. I'll insinuate myself and join his party—but, in the mean time, preserve good terms with Sir Luke, in case any thing should fall in my way there.—Who is Mr. Haswell?

Mean. He pretends to be a man of principle and sentiment—flatter him on that.

Twini. The easiest thing in the world—no people like flattery better than such as he.—They will bear even to hear their *vices* praised.—I will myself undertake to praise the vices of a man of sentiment till he shall think them so many virtues.—You have mentioned no Ladies, but the Lady of the house yet.

Mean. There is no other Lady, except a pretty girl who came from England, about two years ago, for a husband, and not succeeding in another part of the country, is now recommended to this house—and has been here three or four months.

Twini. Let me alone, to please her.

Mean. Yes—I believe you are skilled.

Twini. For the art of flattery, no one more.

Mean. But damn it—it is not a liberal art.

Twini. It is a great science, notwithstanding—and studied, at present, by all the connoisseurs.—Zounds! I have staid a long time—I can't attend to any more characters at present—Sir Luke and his Lady will think me inattentive, if I don't join them—Shall I see you again?—if not—I wish you a pleasant voyage—I'll make the most of what you have told me—you'll hear I'm a great man—God bless you!—good bye!—you'll hear I'm a great man. *[Exit.]*

Mean. And, if I am not mistaken, I shall hear you are turned out of the house before to-morrow morning. O, Twineall! exactly the *reverse* of every character have you now before you—the greatest misfortune in the life of Sir Luke has been, flying from his army in the midst of an engagement, and a most humiliating degradation in consequence, which makes him so feelingly alive on the subject of a battle, that nothing but his want of courage can secure my friend Twineall's life for venturing to name the subject—then Lord Flint, firmly attached to the *interest* of the Sultan, will be all on fire, when he hears of open disaffection—but most of all her Ladyship! whose father was a grocer, and uncle, a noted advertising “Periwig-maker on a new construction.” She will run mad to hear of births, titles,

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ties, and long pedigrees.—Poor Twineall! little dost thou think what is prepared for thee.—There is Mr. Haswell too—but to him have I sent you to be reclaimed—to him,—who, free from faults, or even foibles, of his own, has yet more potently the blessing given, of tenderness for ours. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The inside of a Prison.*

Several Prisoners dispersed in different situations.

Enter Keeper and Haswell with lights.

Keep. This way, Sir—the prisons this way are more extensive still—you seem to feel for these unthinking men—but they are a set of unruly people, whom no severity can make such as they ought to be.

Haf. And wou'd not gentleness, or mercy, do you think, reclaim them?

Keep. That I can't say—we never try those means in this part of the world—that man yonder, suspected of disaffection, is sentenced to be here for life, unless his friends can lay down a large sum by way of penalty, which he finds they cannot do, and he is turned melancholy.

Haf. [After a pause,] Who is that? [To another.

Keep. He has been try'd for heading an insurrection, and acquitted.

Haf. What keeps him here?

Keep. Fees due to the Court—a debt contracted while he proved his innocence.

Haf. Lead on, my friend—let us go to some other part. [Putting his hand to his eyes.

Keep. In this ward, we are going to, are the prisoners, who by some small reserve—some little secreted stock when they arrived—or by the bounty of some friends who visit them—or such like fortunate circumstance, are in a less dismal place.

Haf. Lead on.

Keep. But stop—put on this cloak, for, before we arrive at the place I mention, we must pass a damp vault,

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which to those who are not used to it—[Hafwell *puts on the cloak*—or will you postpone your visit?

Haf. No—go on.

Keep. Alas! who wou'd suppose you had been used to such places!—you look concerned—next to see the people suffer—I wonder you shou'd come, when you seem to think so much about them.

Haf. Oh! that, that is the very reason.

[*Exit, following the Keeper.*]

[*Zedan, a tawny Indian Prisoner, follows them, stealing out, as if intent on stealing something.*]

Two Prisoners walk slowly down the Stage.

1st Pris. Who is this man?

2d Pris. From Britain—I have seen him once before.

1st Pris. He look pale—he has no heart.

2d Pris. I believe, a pretty large one.

Re-enter Zedan.

Zed. Brother, a word with you. [*To the 1st Prisoner, the other retires*] as the stranger and our keeper passed by the passage, a noxious vapour put out the light, and as they groped along I purloined *this* from the stranger—[*Shows a pocket-book*] see it contains two notes will pay our ransom. [*Showing the notes.*]

1st Pris. A treasure—our certain ransom!

Zed. Liberty! our wives, our children, and our friends, will these papers purchase.

1st Pris. What a bribe! our keeper may rejoice too.

Zed. And then the pleasure it will be to hear the stranger fret, and complain for his loss!—O, how my heart loves to see sorrow!—Misery such as I have known, men who spurn me—who treat me as if (in my own Island) I had no friends that loved me—no servants that paid me honour—no children that revered me—who forget I am a husband—a father—nay, a *man*.—

1st Pris. Conceal your thoughts—conceal your treasure too—or the Briton's complaint—

Zed.

Zed. Will be in vain—our keeper will conclude the bribe must come to him, at last—and therefore make no great search for it—here, in the corner of my belt [*Puts up the pocket-book*] 'twill be secure—Come this way, and let us indulge our pleasant prospect. [*They retire, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Prison.*

*A kind of sofa with an old man sleeping upon it—
Elvirus sitting attentively by him.*

Enter Keeper and Hafwell.

Keep. That young man, you see there, watching his aged father as he sleeps, by the help of fees gains his admission—and he never quits the place, except to go and purchase cordials for the old man, who, (though healthy and strong when he first became a prisoner) is now become ill and languid.

Haf. Are they from Europe?

Keep. No—but descended from Europeans—see how the youth holds his father's hand! I have sometimes caught him bathing it with tears.

Haf. I'll speak to the young man. [*Going to him.*]

Keep. He will speak as soon as he sees me—he has sent a petition to the Sultan about his father, and never fails to inquire if a reply is come. [*They approach—Elvirus starts, and comes forward.*]

Elv. [*To Hafwell*] Sir, do you come from the Court? has the Sultan received my humble supplication? Can you tell?—softly—let not my father hear you speak.

Haf. I come but as a stranger, to see the prison.

Elv. No answer, yet, keeper?

Keep. No—I told you it was in vain to write—they never read petitions sent from prisons—their hearts are hardened to such tales of sorrow. [*Elvirus turns towards his father and weeps.*]

Haf. Pardon me, Sir—but what is the request you are thus denied?

Elv. Behold my father! but three months has he been

been confined here ; and yet—unless he breathes a purer air—O, if *you* have influence at Court, Sir, pray represent what passes in this dreary prison—what passes in my heart.—My supplication is to remain a prisoner here, while my father, released, shall be permitted to retire to humble life ; and never more take arms in a cause the Sultan may suspect—which engagement broken, *my life* shall be the forfeit.—Or if the Sultan wou'd allow me to serve him as a soldier—

Haf. You would fight against the party your father fought for ?

Elw. [*Starting.*] No—but in the forests—or on the desert sands—amongst those slaves who are sent to battle with the wild Indians—there I wou'd go—and earn the boon I ask—or in the mines—

Haf. Give me your name—I will, at least, present your suit, and, perhaps—

Elw. Sir ! do you think it is likely ? Joyful hearing !

Haf. Nay, be not too hasty in your hopes—I cannot *answer* for my success. [*Repeats*] “ Your father “ humbly implores to be released from prison—and, in “ his stead, *you* take his chains—or, for the Sultan’s “ service, fight as a slave, or dig in his mines ? ”

Elw. Exactly, Sir—that is the petition—I thank you, Sir.

Keep. You don't know, young man, what it *is* to dig in mines—or fight against foes, who make their prisoners die by unheard of tortures.

Elw. You do not know, Sir, what it *is*,—to see a parent suffer.

Haf. [*Writing.*] Your name, Sir ?

Elw. Elvirus Casimir.—

Haf. Your father's ?

Elw. The same—one who followed agriculture in the fields of Smyria—but, induced by the call of freedom—

Keep. The rebel, you find, breaks out.

Elw. [*Aside to the Keeper.*] Silence—silence ! he forgives it—don't remind him of it—don't undo my hopes.

Haf. I will serve you if I can.

Elw.

Elw. And I will merit it—indeed I will—you shall not complain of me—I will be—

Haf. Retire—I trust you. [*Elvirus bows lowly, and retires.*]

Keep. Yonder cell contains a female prisoner.

Haf. A female prisoner !

Keep. Without a friend or comforter, she has existed there these many years—nearly fifteen.

Haf. Is it possible !

Keep. Wou'd you wish to see her ?

Haf. If it won't give her pain.

Keep. At least, she'll not resent it—for she seldom complains, except in moans to herself—[*Goes to the cell*] Lady, here is one come to visit all the prisoners—please to appear before him.

Haf. I thank you—you speak with reverence and respect to her.

Keep. She has been of some note, though now so totally unfriended—at least, we think she has, from her gentle manners ; and our governor is in the daily expectation of some liberal ransom for her, which makes her imprisonment without a hope of release, till that day arrives—[*Going to the cell*].—Lend me your hand—you are weak. *He leads her from the cell—she appears faint—and as if the light affected her eyes—Hafwell pulls off his hat, and after a pause—*

Haf. I fear you are not in health, Lady ?

[*She looks at him solemnly for some time.*]

Keep. Speak—Madam, speak,

Pris. No—not very well. [*Faintingly.*]

Haf. Where are your friends ? When do you expect your ransom ?

Pris. [*Shaking her head.*] Never.

Keep. She persists to say so ; thinking by that declaration, we shall release her *without* a ransom.

Haf. Is that your motive ?

Pris. I know no motive for a falsehood.

Haf. I was to blame—pardon me.

Keep. Your answers are somewhat prouder than usual.

[*He retires up the stage.*]
Pris.

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Pris. They are,—[*To Haswell.*] Forgive me—I am mild with all of these—but from a countenance like yours—I could not bear reproach.

Has. You flatter me.

Pris. Alas! Sir, and what have I to hope from such a meanness?—You do not come to ransom me.

Has. Perhaps I do

Pris. Oh! do not say so—unless—unless—I am not to be deceived—pardon in your turn this suspicion—but when I have so much to hope for—when the sun, the air, fields, woods, and all that wonderful world, wherein I have been so happy, is in prospect; forgive me, if the vast hope makes me fear.

Has. Unless your ransom is fixed at something beyond my power to give, I *will* release you.

Pris. Release me! Benevolent!

Has. How shall I mark you down in my petition?
[*Takes out his book*] what name?

Pris. 'Tis almost blotted from my memory.

[*Weeping.*]

Keep. It is of little note—a female prisoner, taken with the rebel party, and in these cells confined for fifteen years.

Pris. During which time I have demeaned myself with all humility to my governors—neither have I distracted my fellow prisoners with a complaint that might recall to their memory their own unhappy fate—I have been obedient, patient; and cherished hope to cheer me with vain dreams, while despair possess'd my reason.

Has. Retire—I will present the picture you have given.

Pris. Succeed too—or, never let me see you more—

[*She goes up the stage.*]

Has. You never shall.

Pris. [*Returns*] Or, if you shou'd miscarry in your views [for who forms plans that do not sometimes fail?] I will not reproach you even to *myself*—no—nor will I suffer *much* from the disappointment—merely that you may not have, what I suffer to account for.

[*Exit to her cell.*]

Has.

Haf. Excellent mind !

Keep. In this cell—

[*Going to another.*]

Haf. No—take me away—I have enough to do—
I dare not see more at present.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The former Prison Scene.*

Enter Zedan.

Zed. They are coming—I'll stand here in his sight, that, thou'd he miss what I have taken, he'll not suspect me, but suppose it is one who has hid himself.

Enter Keeper and Hafwell.

Keep. [*To Zedan*] What makes you here ? still moping by yourself, and lamenting for your family ?—
[*To Hafwell*] that man, the most ferocious I ever met with—laments, sometimes even with tears, the separation from his wife and children.

Haf. [*Going to him*] I am sorry for you, friend ;
[*Zedan looks sullen and morose*] I pity you.

Keep. Yes—he had a pleasant hamlet on the neighbouring island—plenty of fruits—clear springs—and wholesome roots—and now complains bitterly of his repasts—sour rice, and muddy water.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Haf. Poor man ! bear your sorrows nobly—and as we are alone—no miserable eye to grudge the favour—
[*Looking round*] take this trifle—[*Gives money*] it will at least make your meals better for a few short weeks—till Heaven may please to favour you with a less sharp remembrance of the happiness you have lost—Farewell [*Going.*] [*Zedan catches hold of him, and taking the pocket book from his belt, puts it into Hafwell's hand.*]

Haf. What's this ?

Zed. I meant to gain my liberty with it—but I will not vex you.

Haf. How came you by it ?

Zed. Stole it—and wou'd have stabb'd you too, had you been alone—but I am glad I did not—Oh ! I am glad I did not.

Haf.

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Haf. You like me then ?

Zed. [*Shakes his head and holds his heart.*] 'Tis something that I never felt before—it makes me like not only you, but all the world besides—the love of my family was confined to them alone ; but this makes me feel I could love even my enemies.

Haf. Oh, nature ! grateful ! mild ! gentle ! and forgiving !—worst of tyrants they who, by hard usage, drive you to be cruel !

Enter Keeper.

Keep. The lights are ready, Sir, through the dark passage—[*To Zedan.*] Go to your fellows.

Haf. [*To Zedan*] Farewell—we will meet again.

[*Zedan exit on one side, Hafwell and Keeper exeunt on the other.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir Luke Tremor's.**Enter Sir Luke and Aurelia.**Sir Luke.*

WH Y, then Aurelia, (though I never mention'd it to my Lady Tremor) my friend wrote me word, he had reason to suppose your affections were improperly fix'd upon a young gentleman in that neighbourhood; and this was his reason for wishing you to leave that place to come hither—and this continual dejection convinces me my friend was not mistaken—answer me—can you say he was?

Aur. Why, then, Sir Luke, candidly to confess——

Sir Luke. Nay, no tears—why in tears? for a husband? be comforted—we'll get you one ere long, I warrant.

Aur. Dear Sir Luke, how can you imagine I am in tears because I have not a husband, while you see Lady Tremor every day in tears for the very opposite cause?

Sir Luke. No matter—women like a husband through pride—and I have known a woman marry from that very motive, even a man she has been ashamed of.

Aur. Why, then I dare say, poor Lady Tremor married from pride.

Sir Luke. Yes;—and I'll let her know pride is painful.

Aur. But, Sir, her Ladyship's philosophy——

Sir Luke. She has no philosophy.

D

Enter

Enter Lady Tremor and Twineall.

Sir Luke. Where is his Lordship? What have you done with him?

Lady. He's speaking a word to Mr. Meanright about his passport to England.—Did you mean me, Sir Luke, that had no philosophy? I protest, I have a great deal.

Sir Luke. When? where did you shew it?

Lady. Why, when the servant at my Lady Griffel's threw a whole urn of boiling water upon your legs, did I give any proofs of female weakness? did I faint, scream, or even shed a tear.

Sir Luke. No—no—very true—and while I lay sprawling on the carpet, I could see you fanning and holding the smelling bottle to the Lady of the house, begging her not to make herself uneasy, “for that the accident was of no matter of consequence.”

Aur. Dear Sir, don't be angry;—I am sure her Ladyship spoke as she thought.

Sir Luke. I suppose she did, Miss.

Aur. I mean—she thought the accident might be easily got the better of—She thought you might be easily recovered.

Lady. No, indeed, I did not—but I thought Sir Luke had frequently charged me with the want of patience; and that moment, the very thing in the world I could have wished, happened—on purpose to give me an opportunity to prove his accusation false.

Sir Luke. Very well, Madam—but did not the whole company cry shame on your behaviour? did not they say, it was not the conduct of a wife?

Lady. Only our particular acquaintance could say so—for the rest of the company, I am sure, did not take me to be your wife—thank Heaven, our appearances never betray that secret—do you think we look like the same flesh and blood?

Sir Luke. That day, in particular, we did not—for I remember you had been no less than three hours at your toilet.

Aur.

Aur. And, indeed, Sir Luke, if you were to use milk of roses, and several other little things of that kind, you can't think how much more like a fine gentleman you wou'd look.—Such things as those make, almost all the difference there is between you and such a fine gentleman as Mr. Twineall.

Tw. No, pardon me, Madam—a face like *mine* may use those things—but in Sir Luke's, they wou'd entirely destroy that fine martial appearance—[*Sir Luke looks confounded,*] which women as well as men admire—for, as valour is the first ornament of *our* sex—

Lady. What are you saying, Mr. Twineall? [*Aside.*] I'll keep him on this subject if I can.

Tw. I was going to observe, Madam—that the reputation of a General—which puts me in mind, Sir Luke, of an account I read of a battle—[*He crosses over to Sir Luke, who turns up the Stage in the utmost confusion, and steals out of the room.*]

Lady. Well, Sir—go on—go on—you were going to introduce—

Tw. A battle, Madam—but, Sir Luke is gone!

Lady. Never mind that, Sir—he generally runs away on these occasions.

Sir Luke. [*Coming back.*] What were you saying, Aurelia, about a husband?

Lady. She did not speak.

Sir Luke. To be sure, Ladies in India do get husbands very quick.

Tw. Not always—I am told, Sir Luke—Women of family, [*fixing his eyes stedfastly on Lady Tremor.*] indeed, may soon enter into the matrimonial state—but the rich men in India, we are told in England, are grown lately very particular with whom they marry, and there is not a man of any repute that will now look upon a woman as a wife, unless she is descended from a good family. [*Looking at Lady Tremor, who walks up the Stage and steals off, just as Sir Luke had done before.*]

Sir Luke. I am very sorry—very sorry to say, Mr. Twineall, that has not been always the case.

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Tw. Then I am very sorry too, Sir Luke; for it is as much impossible that a woman, who is not born of a good family, can be—

[*Lady Tremor returns.*]

Sir Luke. That is just what I say—they *cannot* be—

Lady. Sir Luke, let me tell you—

Sir Luke. let me tell you—

Sir Luke. It does not signify *telling*, my dear,—you have *proved* it.

Lady. [*To Twineall.*] Sir, let me tell you—

Tw. O! O! my dear Madam, 'tis all in vain—there is no such thing—it can't be—there is no pleading against conviction—a person of low birth must, in every particular, be a terrible creature.

Sir Luke. [*Going to her.*] A terrible creature! a terrible creature!

Lady. Here comes my Lord Flint—I'll appeal to him

Enter Lord Flint.

Sir Luke. [*Going to him.*] My Lord, I was saying, as proof that our great Sultan, who now fills this throne, is no impostor, (as the rebel party wou'd insinuate) no low born man, but of the Royal Stock; his conduct palpably evinces—for, had he not been nobly born, we shou'd have beheld the Plebeian bursting forth upon all occasions [*Looking at Lady Tremor*] and then, Heaven help all those who had had any dealings with him!

Lady. Provoking! [*Goes up the stage.*]

Lord. Sir Luke, is there a doubt of the Emperor's birth and title? he is the real Sultan, depend upon it—it surprises me to hear you talk with the smallest uncertainty.

Tw. O, Sir Luke, I wonder at it too, [*Aside to Lord Flint.*] and yet, damn me, my Lord, if I have not my doubts.

[*Lord Flint starts.*]

Sir Luke. I, my Lord? far be it from me! I was only saying what other people said; for my part I never harboured a doubt of the kind.—[*Aside.*] My head begins

gins to nod, only for that word—pray Heaven, I may die with it on!—I shou'd not like to lose my head—nor shou'd I like to die by a bullet—nor by a small sword—and a cannon ball wou'd be as disagreeable, as any other thing, I know—it is very odd—but I never yet could make up my mind, in what manner I shou'd like to go out of the world. [*During this speech Twineall is paying court to Lord Flint; they come forward, and Sir Luke retires.*]

Lord. Your temerity astonishes me!

Twine. I must own, my Lord, I feel somewhat awkward—in saying it to your Lordship—but my own heart—my own conscience—my own sentiments—they are my own—and they are dear to me.—And so it is—the Sultan does not appear to me—[*With significance.*] that great man some people think him.

Lord. Sir, you astonish me—pray what is your name? I have forgotten it.

Twine. Twineall, my Lord—the honourable Henry Twineall—your Lordship does me great honour to ask—came over this morning from England, as your Lordship may remember—in the ship Mercury, my Lord—and all the officers on board speaking with the highest admiration and warmest terms of your Lordship's official character.

Lord. Why, then, Mr. Twineall, I am very sorry—

Twine. And so am I, my Lord, that your sentiments and mine shou'd so far disagree, as I *know* they do.—I am not unacquainted with your firm adherence to the Emperor—but I am unused to disguise my thoughts—I cou'd not, if I wou'd—I have no little views—no sinister motives—no plots—no intrigues—no schemes of preferment,—and I verily believe that if a large scymitar was now directed at my head—or a large pension directed to my pocket—(in the first case at least) I shou'd speak my mind.

Lord. [*Aside.*] A dangerous young man this! and I may make something of the discovery.

Twine. [*Aside.*] It tickles him to the soul, I find.—My Lord, now I begin to be warm on the subject, I feel myself quite agitated—and, from the intelligence

which I have heard, even when I was in England,—there is every reason to suppose—*exim—exim—exim—*
[Mutters.]

Lord. What, Sir? what?

Twineall. You understand me.

Lord. No, Sir—explain.

Twineall. Why, then, there is every reason to suppose—some people are not what they shou'd be—pardon my thoughts, if they are wrong.

Lord. I do pardon your thoughts, with all my heart—but your words, young man, must be answer'd for
[Aside.] Lady Tremor, good morning.

Twineall. *[Aside]* He is going to ruminate on my sentiments, I dare say.

Lady. Shall we have your Lordship's company towards the evening? Mr. Hafwell will be here; if your Lordship has no objection?

Sir Luke. How do you know Mr. Hafwell will be here?

Lady. Because he has called, in his way to the Palace, and said so, and he has been telling us some very interesting stories too.

Sir Luke. Of his morning visits, I suppose—I heard Meanright say he saw him very busy.

Lady. Sir Luke and I dine out, my Lord; but we shall return early in the evening.

Lord. I will be here, without fail—Sir Luke, a word with you if you please—*[They come forward.]* Mr. Twineall has taken some very improper liberties with the Sultan's name, and I must insist on making him answer for it.

Sir Luke. My Lord, you are extremely welcome *[Trembling.]* to do whatever your Lordship pleases with any one belonging to me, or to my house—but I hope your Lordship will pay some regard to the master of it,

Lord. O! great regard to the master—and to the mistress also.—But for that gentleman——

Sir Luke. Do *what* your Lordship pleases.

Lord. I will—and I will make him—

Sir Luke. If your Lordship does not forget it,

Lord.

Lord. I shan't forget it, Sir Luke—I have a very good memory, when I please.

Sir Luke. I don't, in the least, doubt it, my Lord—I never did doubt it.

Lord. And I can be very severe too, Sir Luke, when I please.

Sir Luke. I don't, in the least, doubt it, my Lord—I never did doubt it.

Lord. You may depend upon seeing me here in the evening—and then you shall find I have not threatened more than I mean to perform—good morning!

Sir Luke. Good morning, my Lord—I don't in the least doubt it. [Exit Lord.]

Lady [Coming forward with Twineall.] For Heaven's sake, Mr. Twineall, what has birth to do with—

Twineall. It has to do with every thing, Madam—even with beauty—and I wish I may suffer death, if a woman, with all the mental and personal accomplishments of the finest creature in Europe, would to me be of that value, [Snapping his fingers.] if lowly born.

Sir Luke. And I sincerely wish every man who visits me was of the same opinion.

Aunt. For shame, Mr. Twineall! persons of mean birth ought not to be despised for what it was not in their power to prevent—and if it was a misfortune, you shoud consider them only as objects of pity.

Twineall. And so I do pity them—and so I do—most sincerely—poor creatures! [Looking on Lady Tremor.]

Sir Luke. Aye, now he has mended it finely.

Lady. Mr. Twineall, let me tell you—

Sir Luke. My dear—Lady Tremor—[Taking her aside] let him alone—let him go on—there is something preparing for him he little expects—so let the poor man say and do what he pleases, for the present—it won't last long—for he has offended my Lord Flint, and, I dare say his Lordship will be able, upon some account or another, to get him imprisoned for life.

Lady

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Lady. Imprisoned ! Why not take off his head at once ?

Sir Luke. Well, my dear—I am sure I have no objection—and I dare say my Lord will have it done, to oblige you.—Egad, I must make friends with her to keep mine safe. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Do you mean to take him out to dinner with us ?

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, if you approve of it—not else.

Lady. You are grow extremely polite.

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, his Lordship has taught me how to be polite.—Mr. Twineall, Lady Tremor and I are going to prepare for our visit, and I will send a servant to shew you to your apartment, for you will favour us with your company, I hope ?

Tw. Certainly, Sir Luke, I shall do myself the honour.

Lady. Come this way, Aurelia, I can't bear to look at him. [*Exit with Aurelia.*]

Sir Luke. Nor I to think of him. [*Exit.*]

Tw. If I have not settled my business in this family, I am mistaken—they seem to have but one mind about me.—Devilish clever fellow, egad !—I am the man to send into the world—such a volatile, good-looking scoundrel too ! No one suspects me—to be sure I am under some few obligations to my friend for letting me into the different characters of the family—and yet I don't know whether I am obliged to him or not—for if he had not made me acquainted with them—I shou'd soon have had the skill to find them out myself.—No ; I will not think myself under any obligation to him—it is devilish inconvenient for a gentleman to be under an obligation. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Palace. The Sultan discovered with guards and officers attending.*

Hafwell is conducted in by an officer.

Sul. Sir, you are summoned to receive our thanks, for the troops restored to health by your kind prescriptions—Ask a reward adequate to your services.

Haf. Sultan—the reward I ask, is to preserve more of your people still.

Sul. How more? my subjects are in health—no contagion reigns amongst them.

Haf. The prisoner is your subject—there misery—more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds—sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death.—Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish—and who can tell but that amongst the many helpless sufferers, there may be hearts, bent down with penitence to Heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some amongst the wretched multitude, even innocent victims.—Let me seek them out—let me save them, and you.

Sul. Amazement! retract your application—curb this weak pity; and receive our thanks.

Haf. Curb my pity?—and what can I receive in recompence for that soft bond, which links me to the wretched?—and while it soothes their sorrow—repays me more than all the gifts or homage of an empire—But if repugnant to your plan of government—not in the name of pity—but of justice.

Sul. Justice!—

Haf. The justice which forbids all but the worst of criminals to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes; at least allow them that—

Sul. Consider, Sir, for whom you plead—for men, (if not base culprits) yet so misled, so depraved, they are offensive to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

Haf.

Haf. If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the hapless wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sul. Sir, your sentiments, but much more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, in our camps, you visited each sick man's bed—administered yourself the healing draught—encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their *better* hope in death.—The widow speaks your charities—the orphan lisps your bounties—and the rough Indian melts in tears to bless you.—I wish to ask *why* you have done all this?—What is it prompts you thus to befriend the wretched and forlorn?

Haf. In vain for me to explain—the time it would take to tell you why I act thus——

Sul. Send it in writing then.

Haf. Nay, if you will *read*, I'll send a book, in which is *already* written why I act thus.

Sul. What book?—What is it called?

Haf. “The Christian Doctrine.” [*Hafwell bows here with the utmost reverence.*] There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

Sul. (*To the Guards.*) Retire, and leave me alone with the stranger. (*All retire except Hafwell and the Sultan. They come forward.*)

Sul. Your words recall reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind without confessing—I am a Christian.

Haf. A Christian!—What makes you thus assume the apostate?

Sul. Misery, and despair.

Haf. What made you a Christian?

Sul. My Arabella,—a lovely European, sent hither in her youth, by her mercenary parents, to sell herself to the prince of all these territories. But 'twas my happy lot, in humble life, to win her love, snatch her from his expecting arms, and bear her far away, where, in peaceful solitude, we lived till, in the heat of the rebellion against the late Sultan, I was forced from my
happy

happy home to bear a part.—I chose the imputed rebels side, and fought for the young aspirer.—An arrow, in the midst of the engagement, pierced *his* heart; and his officers, alarmed at the terror this stroke of fate might cause amongst their troops, urged me (as I bore his likeness) to counterfeit it farther, and shew myself to the soldiers as their king recovered. I yielded to their suit, because it gave me ample power to avenge the loss of my Arabella, who had been taken from her home by the merciless foe, and barbarously murdered.

Haf. Murdered!

Sul. I learnt so, and my fruitless search to find her since has confirmed the intelligence.—Frantic for her loss, I joyfully embraced a scheme which promised vengeance on the enemy—it prospered,—and I revenged my wrongs and her's, with such *unsparing justice* on the foe, that even the men who made me what I was, trembled to reveal their imposition; and they find it still their interest to continue it.

Haf. Amazement!

Sul. Nay, they fill my prisons every day with wretches, that dare whisper I am not the real Sultan, but a stranger. The secret, therefore, I myself safely relate in private: the danger is to him who speaks it again; and, with this caution, I trust, it is safe with you.

Haf. It was, without that caution.—Now hear me.—Involved in deeds, in cruelties, which your better thoughts revolt at, the meanest wretch your camps or prisons hold, claims not half the compassion *you* have excited. Permit me, then, to be your comforter, as I have been theirs.

Sul. Impossible!

Haf. In the most fatal symptoms I have undertaken the body's cure. The mind's disease, perhaps, I'm not less a stranger to—Oh! trust the noble patient to my care.

Sul. How will you begin?

Haf. Lead you to behold the wretched in their misery, and then shew you yourself in their deliverer.—

I have

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I have your promise for a boon—'tis this.—Give me the liberty of fix that I shall name, now in confinement, and be yourself a witness of their enlargement.—— See joy lighted in the countenance where sorrow still has left its rough remains.——Behold the tear of rapture chase away that of anguish—hear the faltering voice, long used to lamentation, in broken accents, utter thanks and blessings.——Behold this scene, and if you find the medicine ineffectual, dishonour your physician.

Sul. I will behold it.

Haf. Come, then, to the governor's house this very night—into that council room so often perverted to the use of the torture; and there, unknown to them as their king, you shall be witness to all the grateful heart can dictate, and enjoy all that benevolence can taste.

Sul. I will meet you there.

Haf. In the evening?

Sul. At ten precisely.—Guards, conduct the stranger from the palace. *[Exit Sultan.]*

Haf. Thus far advanced, what changes may not be hoped for? *[Exit.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment at Sir Luke's.

Enter Elvius and Aurelia.

Elvius.

OH my Aurelia! since the time I first saw you—since you left the pleasant spot, where I first beheld you; what distress, what anguish have we known?

Aur. Your family?

Elv. Yes—and that caused the silence which I hope you have lamented.—I could not wound you with the recital of our misfortunes—and now, only with the sad idea that I shall never see you more, I am come to take my leave.

Aur. Is there a chance that we may never meet again?

Elv. There is—and I hope it too—sincerely hope and request it—to see you again, wou'd be again to behold my father pining in misery.

Aur. Explain—(*A loud rapping at the door.*) that is Sir Luke, and Lady Tremor—what shall I say, shou'd they come hither? they suspect I correspond with some person in the country—who shall I say you are? upon what business can I say you are come?

Elv. To avoid all suspicion of my real situation, and to be sure to gain admittance, I put on this habit, and told the servant, when I inquired for you, I was just arrived from England—(*She starts*) nay, it was but necessary I should conceal who I was in this suspicious place, or I might plunge a whole family in the imputed guilt of mine.

Aur. Good Heaven!

E

Elv.

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Elv. I feared, besides, there was no other means; no likelihood to gain admission—and what, what would I not have sacrificed, rather than left you for ever without a last farewell? think on these weighty causes, and pardon the deception.

Aur. But if they should ask me——

Elv. Say, as I have done—my stay must be so short, it is impossible they shou'd detect me—for I must be back——

Aur. Where?

Elv. No matter where—I must be back before the evening—and would almost wish never to see you more—I love you, Aurelia—O, how truly! and yet there is a love more dear, more sacred still.

Aur. You torture me with suspense—Sir Luke is coming this way—what name shall I say, if he asks me?

Elv.—Glanmore—I announced that name to the servant.

Aur. You tremble.

Elv. The imposition hurts me—and I feel as if I dreaded a detection, though 'tis scarce possible—Sorrows have made a coward of me—even the servant, I thought, looked at me with suspicion—and I was both confounded and enraged.

Aur. Go into this apartment; I'll follow you—there we may be safe—and do not hide the smallest circumstance which I may have to apprehend.

[*Elvius exit at a door.*]

Sir Luke. (Without.) Abominable! provoking! impertinent! not to be borne!

Aur. (Listening) Thank Heaven, Sir Luke is so perplexed with some affairs of his own, he may not think of mine——
(*Exit to Elvius.*)

Enter Sir Luke, followed by Lady Tremor.

Sir Luke. I am out of all patience—and all temper—did you ever hear of such a compleat impertinent coxcomb? Talk, talk, talk, continually! and referring to me on all occasions! “Such a man was a brave General—another a great Admiral,” and then he must tell a long story about a siege, and ask me if it did not make my bosom glow!

Lady

Lady. It had not that effect upon your face, for you were as white as ashes.

Sir Luke. Aye, you did not see yourself, while he was talking of grandfathers and great grandfathers—if you had——

Lady. I was not white, I protest.

Sir Luke. No—but you were as red as scarlet.

Lady. And you ought to have resented the insult, if you saw me affected by it—Oh! some men would have given him such a dressing.

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, if your uncle the friseur had been alive, he would have given him a dressing, I dare say.

Lady. Sir Luke, none of your impertinence; you know I can't nor won't bear it—neither will I wait for Lord Flint's resentment on Mr. Twineall—No, I desire you will tell him to quit this roof immediately.

Sir Luke. No, my dear—no, no—you must excuse me—I can't think of quarrelling with a gentleman in my own house.

Lady. Was it your own house to day at dinner when he insulted us? and would quarrel then?

Sir Luke. No—that was a friend's house—and I make it a rule never to quarrel in my own house—a friend's house—in a tavern—or in the streets.

Lady. Well, then, I would quarrel in my own house—a friend's house—a tavern—or in the streets—if any one offended me.

Sir Luke. O, my dear, I have no doubt of it—no doubt, in the least.

Lady. But, at present, it shall be in my own house—and I will tell the gentleman to quit it immediately.

Sir Luke. Very well, my dear—pray do.

Lady. I suppose, however, I may tell him I have your authority to bid him go?

Sir Luke. Tell him I have no authority—none in the world over you—but that you will do as you like.

Lady. I can't tell him so—he won't believe it.

Sir Luke. Why not? you often tell me so, and *make* me believe it too.

Lady. Here the gentleman comes—go away for a moment.

Sir Luke. With all my heart, my dear.

(Going in a hurry.)

Lady. I'll give him a few hints, that he must either change his mode of behaviour, or leave us.

Sir Luke. That's right—but don't be too warm—or if he should be very impertinent, or insolent—(I hear Aurelia's voice in the next room) call *her*, and I dare say she'll come and take your part.

(Exit Sir Luke.)

Enter Twineall.

Twi. I positively could pass a whole day upon that stair-case—those reverend faces!—I presume they are the portraits of some of your Ladyship's illustrious ancestors.

Lady. Sir! Mr. Twineall—give me leave to tell you—

(In a violent passion.)

Twi. The word illustrious, I find, displeases you—pardon me—I did not mean to make use of so forcible an epithet—I know the delicacy of sentiment, which cannot bear the reflection that a few centuries only should reduce from royalty, one, whose dignified deportment seems to have been formed for that resplendent station.

Lady. The man is certainly mad!—Mr. Twineall—

Twi. Pardon me, Madam—I own I am an enthusiast on these occasions—the dignity of blood—

Lady. You have too much, I am sure—do, have a little taken from you.

Twi. Gladly would I lose every drop that fills these plebeian veins, to be ennobled by the smallest—

Lady. Pray, Sir, take up your abode in some other place.

Twi. Madam!

[Surprized.]

Lady. Your behaviour, Sir—

Twi.

Tw. If my friend had not given the hint, damn me if I shou'd not think her down right angry. [*Aside.*]

Lady. I can scarce contain my rage at being so laugh'd at. [*Aside.*]

Tw. I'll mention the wig—this is the time—[*Aside.*] Perhaps you may resent it, Madam—but there is a favour—

Lady. A favour, Sir! is this a time to ask a favour?

Tw. To an admirer of antiquity, as I am.

Lady. Antiquity again!

Tw. I beg pardon—but—a wig, Ma'am—

Lady. A what? [*Petrified.*]

Tw. A wig. [*Bowing.*]

Lady. Oh! oh! oh! [*Choaking.*] this is not to be borne—this is too much—ah! ah! [*Sitting down, and going into fits.*] a direct, plain, palpable, and unequivocal attack upon my family—without evasion or palliative.—I can't bear it any longer.—Oh! oh!—
[*Shrieking.*]

Tw. Bless my soul, what shall I do? what's the matter?

Sir Luke [*without.*] Maids! maids! go to your mistress—that good for nothing fellow is doing her a mischief.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Dear Madam, what is the matter?

Enter Sir Luke, and stands close to the scenes.

Lady. Oh! oh! [*Crying.*]

Sir Luke. How do you do now, my dear?

Tw. Upon my word, Sir Luke—

Sir Luke. O, Sir, no apology—it does not signify—never mind it—I beg you won't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—it is of no kind of consequence.

Lady. What do you mean, Sir Luke?

[*Recovered*
Sir]

Sir Luke. To shew proper philosophy, my dear, under the affliction I feel for your distress.

Lady. [*To Aurelia.*] Take Twineall out of the room.

Aur. Mr. Twineall, her Ladyship begs you'll leave the room, till she is a little recovered.

Twineall. Certainly. [*Bows respectfully to her Ladyship, and exit with Aurelia.*]

Sir Luke. I thought what you would get by quarrelling—fits—and tears.

Lady. And you know, Sir Luke, if you had quarrelled, you would have been in the same situation. [*Rising from her seat.*] But, Sir Luke, my dear Sir Luke, show yourself a man of courage but on this occasion.

Sir Luke. My dear, I would do as much for you as I would for my own life—but damn me if I think I could fight to save that.

Enter Lord Flint.

Lord. Lady Tremor, did the servant say you were very well, or very ill?

Lady. O, my Lord, that insolent coxcomb, the honourable Mr. Twineall——

Lord. Oh, I am very glad you put me in mind of it—I dare say you'd have forgot it else, notwithstanding I came on purpose.

Lady. Forgot what?

Lord. A little piece of paper here, [*Pulling out a parchment.*] but it will do a great deal——has he offended you?

Lady. Beyond bearing.

Lord. I am glad of it, because it gives double pleasure to my vengeance——he is a disaffected person, Madam——boldly told me he doubted the Sultan's right to the throne——I have informed against him, and his punishment is at my option—I may have him imprisoned; shot; sent to the galleys; or his head cut off—but which does your Ladyship chuse?——Which ever you please is at your service.

[*Bowing.*
Lady.]

Lady. [*Rising and curtsying.*] O, they are all alike to me ; which ever you please, my Lord.

Sir Luke. What a deal of ceremony !—how cool they are about it !

Lord. And why not cool, Sir ; why not cool ?

Sir Luke. O, very true—I am sure it has froze me.

Lord. I will go instantly, for fear it shou'd slip my memory, and put this paper into the hands of proper officers—in the mean time, Sir Luke, if you can talk with your visitor, Mr. Twineall, do—inquire his opinion of the Sultan's rights—ask his thoughts, as if you were commissioned by me—and, while he is revealing them to you, the officers shall be in ambush, surprise him in the midst of his sentiments, and bear him away to—

[*Twineall looking in.*]

Twineall. May I presume to inquire how your Ladyship does ?

Lady. O, yes—and pray walk in—I am quite recovered.

Lord. Lady Tremor, I bid you good day for the present.

Sir Luke. [*Following him to the door.*] Your Lordship won't forget ?

Lord. No—depend upon it, I shall remember.

Sir Luke. Yes—and make some other people remember too. [*Exit Lord Flint.*]

Twineall. Is his Lordship gone ? I am very sorry.

Sir Luke. No—don't be uneasy, he'll soon be back.

Enter Hafwell.

Sir Luke. Mr. Hafwell, I am glad to see you.

Hafwell. I told her Ladyship I would call in the evening, Sir Luke ; and so I have kept my word—I wanted too to speak with my Lord Flint, but he was in such a hurry as he passed me, he wou'd hardly let me ask him how he did.—I hope your Ladyship is well this afternoon. [*Bows to Twineall—Sir Luke exit at the door to Aurelia and Elvira.*]

Twineall. Pardon me, Mr. Hafwell, but I almost suspect you heard of her Ladyship's indisposition, and therefore

fore paid this visit; for I am not to learn your care and attention to all under affliction.

Haf. [*Bows gravely.*] Has your Ladyship been indisposed then?

Lady. A little—but I am much better.

Twi. Surely, of all virtues, charity is the first! it so protects our neighbour!

Haf. Do not you think, Sir, *patience* frequently protects him as much?

Twi. Dear Sir—pity for the poor miserable—

Haf. Is oftener excited than the poor and miserable are aware of. [*Looking significantly at him.*]

Sir Luke. [*From the room where Aurelia and Elvius are*] Nay, Sir, I beg you will walk into this apartment — Aurelia, introduce the gentleman to Lady Tremor.

Lady. Who has she with her?

Haf. Aurelia!—O! I have not seen her I know not when—and besides my acquaintance with her relations in England, there is a frank simplicity about her, that—

Enter Sir Luke, Aurelia, and Elvius.

Sir Luke. You shou'd have introduced the gentleman before—I assure you, Sir, [*To Elvius*] I did not know, nor shou'd I have known, if I had not accidentally come into the room.

(*Hafwell starts, on seeing Elvius.*)

Sir Luke. [*To Lady Tremor.*] A relation of Aurelia's—a Mr. Glanmore, my dear, just arrived from England; who call'd to pass a few minutes with us, before he sets off to the part of India he is to reside in. [*Elvius and Aurelia appear in the utmost embarrassment and confusion.*]

Lady. I hope, Sir, your stay with us will not be so short as Sir Luke has mentioned?

Elv. Pardon me, Madam, it must—the caravan, with which I travel, goes off this evening, and I must accompany it.

Haf.

Haf. [*Aside.*] I doubted before ; but the voice confirms me. [*Looking on Elvius.*]

Lady. Why, you only arrived this morning, did you, Mr. Glanmore? you came passenger in the same ship, then, with Mr. Twineall?

Tw. No, Madam—Sir, I am very sorry we had not the pleasure of your company on board of us.

[*To Elvius.*]

Sir Luke. You had,—Mr. Glanmore came over in the Mercury—did not you tell me so, Sir?

[*Elvius bows.*]

Tw. Bless my soul, Sir! I beg your pardon—but surely that cannot be—I got acquainted with every soul on board of us—every creature—all their connections—and I can scarcely suppose you were of the number.

Sir Luke. [*Aside.*] How impertinent he is to this gentleman too! O! that I had but courage to knock him down.

Elv. [*To Twineall*] Perhaps, Sir——

Aur. Yes, I dare say, that was the case.

Tw. What was the case, Madam?

Sir Luke. Wha—wha—wha—[*Mimicks.*] that is not good breeding.

Haf. Why do you blush, Aurelia?

Aur. Because [*Hesitating.*] this gentleman—came over in the same ship with Mr. Twineall.

Sir Luke. And I can't say I wonder at your blushing.

Tw. Why then positively, Sir, I thought I had known every passenger—and surely—

Lady. Mr. Twineall, your behaviour puts me out of all patience—did you not hear the gentleman say he came in the same vessel; and is not that sufficient?

Tw. Perfectly, Madam—perfectly—but I thought there might be some mistake.

Elv. And there is, Sir—you find you are mistaken.

Lady. I thought so.—

Haf.

Haf. [To Elvurus.] And you *did* come in the same vessel?

Elv. Sir, do you doubt it?

Haf. Doubt it?

Elv. Dare not doubt it.——[*Trembling and confused.*]

Haf. Dare not?

Elv. No, Sir, dare not. [Violently.]

Aur. Oh, heavens!

Sir Luke. [To Aurelia.] Come, my dear, you and I will get out of the way. [Retiring with her.]

Lady. O, dear!—for heaven's sake!—Mr. Twineall, this is your doing.

Tw. Me, Madam!——

Haf. I beg the company's pardon—but [To Elvurus.] a single word with you, Sir, if you please.

Lady. Dear Mr. Haswell——

Haf. Trust my prudence and forbearance, Madam—I will but speak a word in private to this gentleman.—[*Haswell takes Elvurus down to the bottom of the stage; the rest retire.*]

Haf. Are you, or are you not, an impostor?

Elv. I am—I am—but do not you repeat my words—Do not you say it. [Threatening.]

Haf. What am I to fear?

Elv. Fear me—I cannot lie with fortitude; but I can——Beware of me.

Haf. I will beware of you, and so shall all my friends.

Elv. Insolent, insulting man.——[*With the utmost contempt.*]

Lady Tremor and the rest come down.

Lady. Come, come, gentlemen, I hope you are now perfectly satisfied about this little nonsense.——Let us change the subject.—Mr. Haswell, have you been successful before the Sultan for any of those poor prisoners you visited this morning?

Sir Luke. Aye; Meanright told me he saw you coming from them with your long cloak; and said he shou'd

shou'd not have known you, if somebody had not said it was you.

[Elvurus looks with surprise, confusion, and repentance.]

Lady. But what success with the Sultan?

Haf. He has granted me the pardon and freedom of any six I shall present as objects of his mercy.

Lady. I sincerely rejoice.—Then the youth and his father, whom you felt so much for, I am sure, will be in the number of those who share your clemency.

[Hafswell makes no reply, and after a pause,—

Elv. [With the most supplicatory tone and manner.]

Sir—Mr. Hafswell—O, heavens!

Sir Luke. Come, Mr. Hafswell, this young man seems sorry he has offended you—forgive him.

Lady. Aye, do Mr. Hafswell—are you sorry, Sir?

Elv. O! wounded to the heart—and, without his pardon, see nothing but despair.

Lady. Good heavens!

Haf. Sir Luke, my Lord Flint told me he was coming back directly—pray inform him I had business elsewhere, and cou'd wait no longer. [Exit.

Elv. O! I'm undone.

Lady. Follow him, if you have any thing to say?

Elv. I dare not—I feel the terror of his just reproach.

Lady. Did you know him in England?

Aur. Dear Madam, will you suffer me to speak a few words— [Aside to Lady Tremor.

Sir Luke. Aye; leave her and her relation together, and let us take a turn in the garden with Mr. Twineall.—I'm afraid his Lordship will be back before we have drawn him to say more on the subject, for which he will be arrested.

Lady. You are right.

Sir Luke. Mr. Twineall, will you walk this way?—That young lady and gentleman wish to have a little conversation.

Twineall.

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Tw. O, certainly, Sir Luke, by all means.

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Lady.*]

[*To Elvius.*] I am extremely sorry, Sir, you kept your bed during the voyage; I shou'd else have been most prodigiously happy in such good company.

[*Exit.*]

Aur. Why are you thus agitated? It was wrong to be so impetuous—but such regret as this—

Elv. Hear the secret I refused before—my father is a prisoner for life.

Aur. Oh, heavens! then Mr. Haswell was the only man—

Elv. And he had promised me—promised me, with benevolence, his patronage—but the disguise he wore when I first saw him, led me to mistake him now—made me expose my falsehood, my infamy, and treat his honour'd person with abuse.

Aur. Aye; let his virtues make you thus repent; but let them also make you hope forgiveness.

Elv. Nay, he is just, as well as compassionate—and for detected falsehood—

Aur. You make me tremble.

Elv. Yet he shall hear my story—I'll follow him, and obtain his pity, if not his pardon.

Aur. Nay, supplicate for that too—and you need not blush, or feel yourself degraded, to *kneel* to HIM, for he wou'd scorn the pride that triumphs over the humbled.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

Enter Sir Luke, Twineall, and Lady Tremor.

Tw. Why, really, Sir Luke, as my Lord has given you charge to sound my principles, I must own they are just such as I delivered to him.

Sir Luke. Well, Mr. Twineall, I only wish you to be a little more clear—we will suppose the present Sultan no impostor—yet what pretensions do you think the *other* family—

Tw.

Tw. That I'll make clear to you at once—or if my reasons are *not* very clear, they are at least very *positive*, and that you know is the same thing.—This family—no—that family—the family that reigned before this—this came after that—they came before. Now every one agrees that this family was always—so and so—[*whispering.*—]—and that the other was always—so and so—[*whispering.*—]—in short, every body knows that one of them had always a very suspicious—you know what—

Sir Luke. No, I don't.

Tw. Pshaw—pshaw—every body conjectures what—and though it was never said in so many words, yet it was always supposed—and though there never has been any proof, yet there have been things much more strong—and for that very reason, Sir William—(Sir Luke, I mean—I beg your pardon)—for that very reason—(I can't think what made me call you Sir William)—for that very reason—(Oh, I was thinking of Sir William Tiffany)—for that very reason—say people what they will—that, that must be their opinion—but then where is the man who will speak his thoughts freely as I have done?

Enter Guards, who had been listening at a distance during this speech

Sir Luke. [Starting.] Bless my soul, gentlemen, you made my heart jump to my very lips.

Guard. [To Twineall.] Sir, you are our prisoner, and must go with us.

Tw. Gentlemen, you are mistaken—I had all my clothes made in England, and 'tis impossible the bill can have followed me already.

Guard. Your charge is something against the state.

Tw. Against the state?—You are mistaken—it cannot be me.

Guard. No—there is no mistake.—[Pulling out a paper.] You are here called Henry Twineall.

Tw. But if they have left out *honourable*, it can't be me—I am the Honourable Henry Twineall.

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Sir Luke. Aye, that you are to prove before your judges.

Guard. Yes, Sir—and we are witnesses of the long speech you have just now been making.

Twineall. And pray, gentlemen, did you know what I meant by it?

Guard. Certainly.

Twineall. Why, then, upon my soul, it was more than I did—I wish I may be sacrificed—

Sir Luke. Well, well, you are going to be sacrificed—Don't be impatient.

Twineall. But, gentlemen—Sir Luke!

[*The Guards seize him.*]

Lady. Dear Mr. Twineall, I am afraid you will have occasion for the dignity of all my ancestors to support you under this trial.

Sir Luke. And have occasion for all my courage too.

Twineall. But, Sir—but, gentlemen—

Sir Luke. Oh! I would not be in your coat, fashionable as it is, for all the Sultan's dominions.

[*Exit Sir Luke and Lady—Twineall, and Guards—separately.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Prison.*

Hafwell and the female Prisoner discovered.

Hafwell.

RATHER remain in this loathsome prison I—refuse the blessing offered you!—the blessing your pleased fancy formed so precious you durst not even trust its reality?

Pris. No—while my pleased fancy only saw the prospect, I own it was delightful; but now reason beholds it within my reach, the view is changed—and what, in the gay dream of fond delirium, seemed a blessing, in my waking hours of sad reflection would prove the most severe of punishments.

Haf. Explain—what is the cause that makes you think thus?

Pris. A cause that has alone for fourteen years made me resigned to a fate like this.—When you first mentioned my release from this drear place, my wild ideas included, with the light, all that had ever made the light a blessing—'twas not the sun I saw in my mad transport, but a lost husband filled my roving fancy—'twas his idea that gave the colours of the world their beauty, and made me fondly hope to grasp its sweets.

Haf. A husband!

Pris. But the world that I was wont to enjoy with him—to see again without him—every well-known object would wound my mind with dear remembrances for ever lost, and make my freedom torture.

Haf. But yet——

Pris. Oh! on my knees a thousand times I have thanked Heaven that *he* partook not of this dire abode

—that he shared not with me my hard usage!—
a greater blessing I possess'd from that, than all his
loved society could have given—but in a happy world,
where smiling nature pours her boundless gifts!—oh!
there his loss would be unsufferable.

Haf. Do you lament him dead?

Pris. Yes—or, like me, a prisoner—else he would
have sought me out—have sought his Arabella!—

[*Hafwell starts*]—Why do you start?

Haf. Are you a Christian?—an European?

Ara. I am.

Haf. The name made me suppose it.—I am shocked
that—the Christian's sufferings—[*Trying to conceal
his surprise.*]—but were you made a prisoner in the
present Sultan's reign?

Ara. Yes, or I had been set free on his ascent to the
throne; for he gave pardon to all the enemies of the
Ottoman monarch: but I was taken in a vessel, where I
was hurried in the heat of the battle with a party of
the late Emperor's friends—and all the prisoners were
by the officers of the present Sultan sent to slavery, or
confined, as I have been, in hopes of ransom from their
friends.

Haf. And did never intelligence or inquiry reach you
from your husband?

Hra. Never.

Haf. Never?

Ara. I once was informed of a large reward for the
discovery of a female Christian, and, with boundless
hopes, asked an interview with the messenger; but
found, on inquiry, I could not answer his description,
as he *secretly* informed me it was the Sultan who made
the search for one *he himself* had known, and dearly
loved.

Haf. Good Heaven!—[*Aside.*]—You then conclude
your husband dead?

Ara. I do;—like me, by some mischance, taken
with the other party, and having no friend to plead
his cause before the Emperor, whom he served—

Haf. I'll plead it—should I ever chance to find him
—but, ere we can hope for other kindness, you must
appear

appear before the Sultan—thank him for the favour which you now decline, and tell the cause why you cannot accept it.

Ara. Alas! almost worn out with sorrow—an object of affliction as I am—in pity, excuse me—present my thanks—my humble gratitude—but pardon my attendance.

Haf. Nay, you must go—it is necessary—I will accompany you to him.—Retire a moment; but when I send, be ready.

Ara. I shall obey. [*She bows obediently and exits.*

[*As Hafwell comes down, Elvurus places himself in his path—Hafwell stops, looks at him with an austere earnestness, which Elvurus observing, turns away his face.*

Elv. Nay, reproach me—I can bear your anger, but do not let me meet your eye—Oh! it is more awful, now I know who you are, than if you had kingdoms to disperse, or could deal instant death.—[*Hafwell looks on him with a manly firmness then walks on, Elvurus following him.*—I do not plead for my father now.—Since what has passed, I only ask forgiveness.

Haf. Do you forgive yourself?

Elv. I never will.

Enter Keeper.

Kcep. One of our prisoners, who, in his cell, makes the most piteous moans, has sent to entreat that Mr. Hafwell will not leave this place till he has heard his complaints and supplications.

Haf. Bring me to him.

[*Going.*

Elv. Nay, leave me not thus—perhaps never to see you more!—

Haf. You shall see me again—in the mean time, reflect on what you merit. [*Exits with Keeper.*

Elv. And what is that?—Confusion I—and yet, he says, I am to see him again—speak with him—Oh! there's a blessing to the most abandoned, a divine propensity (they know not why) to commune with the virtuous!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The first Prison Scene.**Enter second Keeper, Hafwell following.**Haf.* Where is the poor unfortunate?*2d Keep.* Here, Sir.*Haf.* Am I to behold greater misery still?—a still greater object of compassion?*[Second Keeper opens a door, and Twineall enters a prisoner, in one of the prison dresses.**Haf.* What have we here?*Twineall.* Don't you know me, Mr. Hafwell?*Haf.* I beg your pardon, Sir—I beg your pardon—but is it?—is it?*Twineall.* Why, Mr. Hafwell—if you don't know me, or won't know me, I shall certainly lose my senses.*Haf.* O, I know you—know you very well.*Twineall.* What, notwithstanding the alteration in my dress?—there was a hard thing!*Haf.* O, I'll procure you that again—and, for all things else, I'm sure you will have patience.*Twineall.* O, no, I can't—upon my soul I can't.—I want a little lavender water—My hair is in such a trim too!—No powder—no brushes—*Haf.* I will provide you with them all.*Twineall.* But who will you provide to look at me, when I am dress'd?*Haf.* I'll bring all your acquaintance.*Twineall.* I had rather you wou'd take me to see them.*Haf.* Pardon me.*Twineall.* Dear Mr. Hafwell!—Dear Sir!—Dear friend!—What shall I call you?—Only say what title you like best, and I'll call you by it directly—I always did love to please every body—and I am sure at this time I stand more in need of a friend than ever I did in my life.*Haf.* What has brought you here?*Twineall.* Trying to get a place.*Haf.* A place?*Twineall.*

Twis. Yes; and you see I have got one—and a poor place it is!—in short, Sir, my crime is said to be an offence against the state; and they tell me no friend on earth but you can get that remitted.

Haf. Upon my word, the pardons I have obtained are for so very few persons—and those already promised—

Twis. O, I know I am no favourite of yours—you think me an impertinent, silly, troublesome fellow, and that my conduct in life will be neither of use to my country nor of benefit to society.

Haf. You mistake me, Sir—I think such glaring imperfections as yours are, will not be of so much disadvantage to society as those of a less faulty man.—In beholding your conduct, thousands shall turn from the paths of folly, to which fashion, custom, nature, (or call it what you will) impels them;—therefore, Mr. Twineall, if not pity for your faults, yet a concern for the good effect they may have upon the world (should you be admitted there again) will urge me to solicit your return to it.

Twis. Sir, you have such powers of oratory—what a prodigious capital quality!—and I doubt not but you are admitted by the world equally for that—

Enter Messenger to Hafwell.

Mess. Sir, the Sultan is arrived in the council chamber, and has sent me. *[Whispers.*

Haf. I come—Mr. Twineall, farewell for the present. *[Exit with Messenger.*

Twis. Now, what was that whisper about?—Oh, heavens! perhaps my death is in agitation—I have brought myself into a fine situation!—done it by wheedling too!

2d Keep. Come, your business with Mr. Hafwell being ended, return to your cell. *[Roughly.*

Twis. Certainly, Sir—certainly!—O, yes!—How happy is this prison in having such a keeper as you!—so mild, so gentle—there is something about you, as I said, and I thought the moment I had the happiness
of

of meeting you here.—Dear me!—what would one give for such a gentleman as him in England!—You would be of infinite service to some of our young bucks, Sir.

2d Keep. Go to your cell—go to your cell

[*Roughly.*

Twis. This world would be nothing without elegant manners, and elegant people in all stations of life.—

[*Enter Messenger, who whispers second Keeper.*]—Another whisper!

[*Fervidly.*

2d Keep. No; come this way.—The judge is now sitting in the hall, and you must come before him.

Twis. Before the judge, Sir—O, dear Sir!—what, in this dishabille?—in this coat?—Dear me!—but to be sure one must conform to customs—to the custom of the country where one is.—[*He goes to the door and then stops.*]—I beg your pardon, Sir—would not you chuse to go first?

2d Keep. No.

Twis. O!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Council Chamber.*

Enter Sultan, Hafwell, and Guards.

Haf. Sultan, I have out-run your bounty in my promises; and one poor, unhappy female—

Sul. No—you named yourself the number to release, and it is fixed—I'll not increase it.

Haf. A poor, miserable female—

Sul. Am I less miserable than she is?—And who shall release me from my sorrows?

Haf. Then let me tell you, Sultan, she is above your power to oblige, or to punish.—Ten years, nay more, confinement in a drear cell has been no greater punishment to her, than had she lived in a pleasant world without the man she loved.

Sul. Ha!

Haf. And freedom offered she rejects with scorn, because he is not included in the blessing.

Sul!

Sul. You talk of prodigies.—[*He makes a sign for the Guards to retire, and they exeunt.*.]—and yet I once knew a heart equal to this description.

Haf. Nay, will you see her?—Witness yourself the fact?

Sul. Why do I tremble?—My busy fancy presents an image—

Haf. Yes, tremble, indeed! [Threatening.

Sul. Hah! have a care—what tortures are you preparing for me?—My mind shrinks at the idea.

Haf. Your wife you will behold, whom you have kept in want, in wretchedness, in a damp dungeon, for these fourteen years, because you wou'd not listen to the voice of pity.—I read her look—her frown—not for herself alone, but for hundreds of her fellow sufferers—and while your selfish fancy was searching, with wild anxiety, for her you loved, un pitying, you forgot others might love like you.

Sul. O! do not bring me to a trial which I have not courage to support.

Haf. She attends without—I sent for her to thank you for the favour she declines.—Nay, be composed—she knows you not—cannot, thus disguised as the Sultan. [Exit Hafwell.

Sul. O! my Arabella! could I have thought that your approach wou'd ever impress my mind with horror!—or that, instead of flying to your arms with all the love I bear you, terror and dread shou'd fix me a statue of remorse.

Enter Hafwell, leading Arabella.

Haf. Here kneel, and return your thanks.

Sul. My Arabella! worn with grief and anguish!

[Aside.

Ara. [Kneeling to the Sultan.] Sultan, the favour you wou'd bestow, I own, and humbly thank you for.

Sul. Gracious Heaven! [In much agitation.

Ara. But as I am now accustomed to confinement, and the idea of all the world can give, cannot inspire a wish

a wish that warms my heart to the enjoyment—I supplicate permission to transfer the blessing you have offered to one of those who may have friends to welcome their return from bondage, and so make freedom precious.—I have none to rejoice at *my* release—none to lament my destiny while a prisoner.—And were I free, in this vast world (forlorn and friendless) 'tis but a prison still.

Sul. What have I done?—[*Throwing himself on a Sopha with the greatest emotion.*]

Haf. Speak to him again.—He repents of the severity with which he has caused his fellow creatures to be used.—Tell him *you* forgive him.

Ara. [*Going to him.*] Believe me, Emperor, I forgive all who have ever wronged me—all who have ever caused my sufferings.—Pardon *you*!—Alas! I have pardoned even those who tore me from my husband!—Oh, Sultan! all the tortures you have made me suffer, compared to such a pang as that—did I say I had forgiven it?—Oh! I am afraid—afraid I have not yet.

Sul. Forgive it now, then, for he is restored.—[*Taking off his turban.*]—Behold him in the Sultan, and once more seal his pardon.—[*She faints on Hafwell.*]—Nay, pronounce it quickly, or my remorse for what you have undergone, will make my present tortures greater than any my cruelties ever yet inflicted.

Ara. [*Recovering.*] Is this the light you promised?—[*To Hafwell.*]—Dear precious light!—Is this my freedom, to which I bind myself a slave for ever?—[*Embracing the Sultan.*]—Was I *your* captive?—Sweet captivity!—more precious than an age of liberty!

Sul. Oh, my Arabella! through the amazing changes of my fate, (which I will soon disclose) think not but I have searched for *thee* with unceasing care; but the blessing to behold you once again was left for my kind monitor alone to bestow.—Oh, Hafwell! had I, like you, made others' miseries my care, like you sought out the wretched, how many days of sorrow had I spared myself as well as others—for I long since had found my Arabella.

Haf.

Ara. Oh, Heaven! that weighest our sufferings with our joys, and as our lives decline seest in the balance thy blessings far more ponderous than thy judgments—be witness, I complain no more of what I have endured, but find an ample recompence this moment.

Haf. I told you, Sir, how you might be happy.

Sul. ——— Take your reward—(to a heart like yours, more valuable than treasure from my coffers)—this signet, with power to redress the wrongs of all who suffer.

Haf. Valuable indeed!—

Ara. [*To Hafwell.*] Oh, virtuous man!—to reward thee are we made happy—to give thy pitying bosom the joy to see us so, has Heaven remitted its intended punishment of continued separation.

Sul. Come, my beloved wife!—come to my palace—there, equally, my dearest blessing, as when the cottage gave its fewer joys—and in him [*To Hafwell.*] we not only find our present happiness, but dwell securely on our future hopes—for here, I vow, before he leaves our shores, I will adopt every measure he shall point out—and that period of my life whereon he shall lay his censure, that will I fix apart for penitence.—[*Exit Sultan and Ariabella.*—*Hafwell bows to Heaven with thanks.*]

Enter Keeper.

Keep. An English prisoner, just now condemned to lose his head, one Henry Twineall, humbly begs permission to speak a few short sentences, his last dying words, to Mr. Hafwell.

Haf. Condemned to lose his head?—Lead me to him.

Keep. O, Sir, you need not hurry yourself—it is off by this time, I dare say.

Haf. Off?

Keep. Yes, Sir—we don't stand long about these things in this country—I dare say it is off.

Haf. [*Impatiently*] Lead me to him instantly.

Guard.

66 SUCH THINGS ARE.

Guard. O ! 'tis of consequence, is it, Sir ?—if that is the case—

[*Exit Keeper, followed by Haswell.*]

SCENE IV. *An archway at the top of the stage, through which several Guards enter—Twineall in the middle, dressed for execution, with a large book in his hand.*

Twineall. One more verse, gentlemen, if you please.

Off. The time is expired.

Twineall. One more, gentlemen, if you please.

Off. The time is expired.

Enter Haswell.

Twineall. Oh ! my dear Mr. Haswell !

[*Bursting into tears.*]

Haswell. What, in tears at parting with me ?—This is a compliment indeed !

Twineall. I hope you take it as such—I am sure I mean it as such.—It kills me to leave you—it breaks my heart ;—and I once flattered myself such a charitable, good, feeling, humane heart as you possess——

Haswell. Hold ! Hold !—This, Mr. Twineall, is the vice has driven you to the fatal precipice whereon you are—and in death will you not relinquish it ?

Twineall. What vice, Sir, do you mean ?

Haswell. Flattery !—a vice that renders you not only despicable, but odious.

Twineall. But how has flattery been the cause ?

Haswell. Your English friend, before he left the island, told me what information you had asked from him, and that he had given you the direct opposite of every person's character, as a just punishment for your mean premeditation and designs.

Twineall. I never imagined that amiable friend had sense enough to impose upon any body !

Haswell. Yet I presume he could not suppose fate would have carried their resentment to a length like this.

Twineall. Oh ! could fate be arrested in its course !

Haswell.

Haf. You wou'd reform your conduct ?

Twis. I wou'd—I wou'd never say another civil thing
any body—never—never make myself agreeable
again.

Haf. Release him—here is the Sultan's signet.

(They release him.)

Twis. Oh ! my dear Mr. Hafswell I never was com-
passion!—never benevolence !—never such a heart as
yours !—

Haf. Seize him—he has broken his contract al-
ready.

Twis. No, Sir—No, Sir—I protest you are an ill-
natured, sulky, crabbed fellow. I always thought so,
upon my word, whatever I have said.

Haf. And, I'll forgive *that* meaning, sooner than the
other—utter any thing but flattery—Oh ! never let the
honest, plain, *blunt* English name, become a proverb
for so base a vice.—(*Lady Tremor without.*) Where is
the poor creature ?

Enter Lady Tremor.

Lady. Oh ! if his head is off, pray let me *look* at
it ?—

Twis. No, Madam, it is on—and I am very happy
to be able to tell you so.—

Lady. Dear Heaven ! I expected to have seen it
off!—but no matter—as it is on—I am come that it
may be kept on—and have brought my Lord Flint,
and Sir Luke, as witnesses.

Enter Lord, Aurelia, and Sir Luke.

Haf. Well, Madam, and what have they to say ?

Sir Luke. Who are we to tell our story to—
There does not seem to be any one sitting in judg-
ment.—

Haf. Tell it to me, Sir—I will report it.

Sir Luke. Why, then, Mr. Hafswell, as Ghosts some-
times walk—I think Mr. Twineall has done nothing to
merit death, and the charge which his Lordship sent in
G
against

against him, we begin to think too severe—but, if there was any false statement—

Lord. It was the fault of my not charging my memory—any error I have been guilty of, must be laid to the fault of my total want of memory.

Haf. And what do you hope from this confession?

Sir Luke. To remit the prisoner's punishment of death to something less, if the Sultan will please to annul the sentence—

Lord. Yes—and grant ten or twelve years imprisonment—or the Gallies for fourteen years—
or—

Sir Luke. Ay, ay, something in that way.

Haf. For shame—for shame—Gentlemen!—
the extreme rigour you shew in punishing a dissension from your opinion, or a satire upon your folly, proves to conviction, what reward you had bestowed upon the *skillful flatterer*.

Tw. Gentlemen, and Ladies, pray why wou'd you with me requited with such extreme severity, merely for my humble endeavours to make myself agreeable?—
Lady Tremor, upon my honour I was credibly informed, your ancestors were Kings of Scotland—

Lady. Impossible!—you might as well say that you heard Sir Luke had distinguished himself at the battle of—

Tw. And, I *did* hear so.

Lady. And he *did* distinguish himself; for he was the only one that ran away—

Tw. Cou'd it happen?

Lady. Yes, Sir, it did happen.

Sir Luke. And go *you*, Mr. Twineall, into a field of battle, and I think it is very likely to happen again.

Lord. If Mr. Hafwell has obtained your pardon, Sir, it is all very well—but let me advise to keep you to your sentiments on politics to yourself, for the future—as you value that pretty head of yours.

Enter

SUCH THING RE.

Enter Elvira

Haf. (*Going to him.*) *Aur.* this letter to me, has explained your story with so much compassion, that, for her sake, I must pity it too—with freedom to your father, and yourself, the Sultan restores his forfeited lands—and might I plead, Sir Luke, for your interest with Aurelia's friends, this young man's filial love, shou'd be repaid by conjugal affection.

Sir Luke. As for that, Mr. Haswell, you have so much interest at court, that your taking the young man under your protection—besides, as Aurelia was sent hither merely to get a husband—I don't see——

Aur. True, Sir Luke—and I am afraid my father and mother will begin to be uneasy that I have not got one yet—and I shou'd be very sorry to disoblige them.

Elw. No—say rather sorry to make me wretched—

[Taking her hand.]

Enter Zedan.

Haf. My Indian friend, have you received your freedom?

Zed. Yes—and come to bid you farewell—which I wou'd never do, had I not a family in wretchedness till my return—for you shou'd be my master, and I wou'd be your slave.——

Haf. I thank you—may you meet at home every comfort!

Zed. May you—may you—what shall I say?—May you once in your life be a prisoner—then released—to feel such joy! as I feel now!

Haf. I thank you for a wish, that tells me most emphatically, how much you think I have served you.——

Twi. And, my dear Lord, I sincerely wish you may once in your life, have your head chopped off—just to know what I shou'd have felt, in that situation.——

Zed.

THINGS ARE

as *Tw.* (ll.) And all his countrymen

Sir Luke.—but the worst of the
are good enough to love him.

Tw. Pray Mr. Haswell, will you suffer all these encomiums?

Elv. He must suffer them—there are virtues, which
praise cannot taint—such are Mr. Haswell's—for they
are the offspring of a mind, superior even to the
love of fame—neither can they, through malice,
suffer by applause, since they are too sacred to incite
envy, and must conciliate the respect, the love, and
the admiration of all.

THE END.